

# Sweaters

*The Losers Club - II*

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## Sweaters by [kathasaurus\\_rex](#)

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**Summary:**

Richie doesn't dress for the weather - Eddie makes sure he's covered.

## Sweaters

It was the first truly cold day in Derry, and Eddie was ecstatic. He had pulled out his favorite autumnal sweaters from the attic weeks ago, but was only then able to truly wear one (orange and soft, with a pattern of embroidered bats and skulls). It was a little too big on him, but he didn't mind, that just meant he could cover up his hands and rub the sweater sleeves against his cheek.

Richie wasn't good at dressing for the weather, so Eddie had stashed an extra sweater in his backpack this morning. His idea proved to be fruitful when Richie showed up wearing a t-shirt and jeans, rubbing at his arms.

"You're a dumbass," Eddie said easily, pulling out the purple material and throwing it at the taller boy. "Put on the sweater."

Richie knew better than to fight it. He pulled it on and let out a happy sigh. "Aw, Eddie Spaghetti, I didn't know you cared -"

"Shut up before I fight you." Eddie held onto the straps of his backpack and turned around, hurrying into the school building. So what if he had given Richie his favorite sweater? That didn't mean anything... did it?

When he dropped into his usual seat in the chemistry lab, ten minutes earlier, he let out a whine and dropped his head against the counter. This was a problem.

—

"Hi."

Eddie jumped, and let out a small squeak. Richie stood there in the middle of the sidewalk, holding two steaming to-go cups and still wearing Eddie's sweater.

"Oh... hi Richie," he said softly, tugging down the hem of his sweater and looking at his shoes.

Richie walked forward two more steps and held out one of the cups.

“I got some of that, uh, salted caramel hot chocolate that you like, from the cafe?”

Eddie looked up, surprised. “You did? For me?” He took the warm cup into his hands and his face broke out into a sweet smile. “Thank you, Richie.”

Richie was blushing high on his cheeks, and he cleared his throat. “It’s no problem. I wanted some coffee anyways.” He turned so he and Eddie were standing side by side. “You wanna go to the park? We could... swing, or something?”

“Yes, please?”

How did it become so easy? Eddie took Richie’s left hand in his right without even thinking about it, and began to drag him towards the neighborhood park that had the least creaky swingset (the creaky swingsets made him cringe).

Richie’s fingers tightened around his own, and it felt right.